

[Discretion is the Better Part of Nothing](#) by [Luddleston](#)

Series: [Cross the Stars for You \[2\]](#)

Category: Voltron: Legendary Defender

Genre: Against the Wall - Freeform, Interrupted Sex, Locker Room Sex, M/M, Semi-Public Sex, getting caught, pre-kerberos, under a desk

Language: English

Characters: Matt Holt, Shiro (Voltron)

Relationships: Matt Holt/Shiro

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-04-24

Updated: 2018-04-24

Packaged: 2022-12-19 11:25:12

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 10,703

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Five times Matt and Shiro almost get caught fooling around at the Garrison, and one time they definitely should have gotten caught, but somehow got away with it.

Discretion is the Better Part of Nothing

Author's Note:

IT'S BEEN EIGHTY YEARS SINCE I STARTED WRITING THIS I SWEAR.

Anyway, in case anyone was wondering, almost getting caught is a difficult thing to write five whole times, or maybe I'm just making it difficult. Yeah, it's probably that.

One

Every morning, Matt's alarm went off for a full five minutes before Shiro got fed up with it and shook Matt awake, getting an exasperated groan and, usually, a pillow thrown in his direction in response. He accepted it as a fact of life: Matt wasn't a morning person, just like Shiro wasn't a night owl. Also, Matt always ended up blearily putting around the bathroom, only halfway aware of what was going on and extra susceptible to surprise kisses. It was worth getting a pillow thrown at him. Matt normally missed, anyway, because his depth perception was off without his glasses. Also, he threw with his eyes closed sometimes.

On mornings they had PT, Matt would literally roll out of bed and onto the floor, like he was trying to injure himself just to get an exemption. He'd lay there and make some more angry noises, which eventually turned into swearing, never as creative as his profanity was when he was more awake. Shiro started to think part of the reason the Garrison staff had so readily roomed him with Matt was because Shiro was the only person big enough and tolerant enough to literally drag him to the gym if need be.

"I'm a scientist," Matt always protested, "I don't need to be able to lift a small car, or whatever the hell it is you do."

Shiro could not lift a small car, but he appreciated Matt's estimation of his strength.

Matt had reasons to hate physical training. He'd never been athletic, so his numbers were always depressing enough to deflate him for the rest of the day, and he somehow kept getting paired up with the largest guy possible for combat training. Not Shiro, though; the officers never paired the two of them up after they realized Shiro would go easy on his roommate.

PT always ended with the distance run, because that way, if you got a good time, you ended up with a little extra free time before your next class. Shiro used that time to read a bit, camped out on one of the uncomfortable benches outside the locker room, waiting on Matt to finish the last mile. Shiro couldn't see the track from where he sat, but he counted the rest of their classmates slowly filtering into the locker rooms, and figured Matt had to be finishing up soon.

When he met Shiro, his face was bright red and his hair was plastered to his face with sweat. He nudged the bridge of his nose like he'd forgotten he couldn't wear glasses for PT, and had his contacts in for once. "Oh, Shiro. You waited on me to get a shower?"

Shiro could only parse anything Matt said because he was used to hearing Matt talk to him when he was out of breath. Normally under better circumstances. "Yeah. You didn't take *that* long, c'mon."

"I bet you got the best time out of anyone," Matt said, grabbing his bag from the row of them tucked under the benches. Shiro slung his over his shoulder, too, following Matt into the locker room.

"No, I didn't," Shiro said, "I'm not a runner, I always place somewhere in the middle on that one."

"Oh, right. You're better at lifting heavy stuff." Matt dropped his bag on the floor in front of the lockers, stripping his shirt off and then frowning at it. "Ugh. This is the bad part about gym bags. You have to put your sweaty, gross clothes back in them."

"You can, in fact, wash your gym bag." Shiro had his shirt off, too, and was stepping out of his shoes and pulling off his socks when he noticed Matt watching him.

Staring at him, rather.

"What?" Shiro asked, even though he knew what.

"I think I might be psychologically conditioned to get turned on when I see you all sweaty and half-clothed like that."

Shiro couldn't help glancing around to make sure nobody else was in the locker room. When he found it silent, he said, "I'm not surprised."

Matt stepped closer to him, until he could curl his fingers into the waistband of Shiro's gym shorts and pull him closer by them. "Hey, Shiro. Locker room's empty."

"We're supposed to be showering," Shiro reminded him, but he already had his hands on Matt's waist, leaning in like he couldn't help himself.

Matt clearly couldn't help himself, either, because he got close enough that Shiro could feel him breathing while he spoke. "We can still shower."

"Are you saying...?"

"What you think I'm saying? Yeah." Matt's fingers teased his shorts down a little, so they barely clung to his hips. "C'mon. It'll be new and exciting." They couldn't do this kind of thing in their dorm, with their tiny cubicle of a shower. The showerhead was so short, Shiro had to duck to wash his hair, so it would probably spray you right in the face if you tried having shower sex.

Shiro let Matt kiss him, let him grab his ass and pull him in closer. "You're sure you want to do even more physical activity after that?" Shiro joked, and he might not have been able to see Matt roll his eyes, but he could hear it in the way he clicked his tongue and huffed before pulling Shiro into another kiss.

"I wasn't," Matt said, interrupted when Shiro kissed him again, "that bad, this time. Didn't finish dead last and then puke on the gym floor, at least."

"Let's. Let's not talk about that," Shiro suggested, "maybe, like, not ever."

"Okay, sure." Matt was up on his tiptoes, kissing him rougher, about to do actually try to climb Shiro like a tree—he'd always thought that was an exaggeration, before Matt. Shiro had a good few inches on him, and he used that to his advantage, putting a hand in Matt's hair and pulling just enough to tilt his head back, determined to kiss him until he was breathless from more than the run.

Matt shoved both hands down the back of Shiro's shorts, squeezed his ass, and the moan he got out of Shiro sounded so much louder when it echoed off the tiled walls. It was always easier for him to get Shiro worked up when he came back from a workout and had excess energy to work off. Right now, that overflow of adrenaline was making him want to push Matt up against a wall and, and—

The locker room door opened with force, the handle smacking against the opposite wall. Shiro thought he heard Matt hiss *fuck!* as they put as much space between each other as possible, both scrambling to opposite sides of the room. Shiro wiped his mouth off with the back of his hand and jumped in a shower stall before anybody saw him, because his gym shorts hid approximately zero hard-ons.

Two cadets walked in, complaining about the run, probably the ones who finished last-place this go-around. They greeted Matt, who was bending over to untie his shoes, and ignored Shiro, because even though the divider curtains were low enough to look over, you didn't talk to a guy while he was showering. Shiro cranked the water on as cold as it would go.

"Yeah, I mean, it's always pretty rough," Matt said, in response to some comment from the other two cadets, "well. Not for *some people*." That part was directed at Shiro, because Matt didn't follow the rule where you didn't talk to a guy while he was showering.

"I told you I don't like running," Shiro replied.

The other cadets laughed nervously, like Shiro was intimidating, which almost made him want to laugh, too.

"See you, Matt," one of them said, and Shiro heard the door swing shut behind them as they left, probably to head back to their dorm rooms and private showers, which is exactly what Shiro would've done, if he had enough time between classes to run to his dorm.

Shiro relaxed, tipping his head under the spray and letting the cold water rinse out his sweaty hair. They hadn't noticed anything, hadn't wondered why Shiro was still hanging around, and why he and Matt were the only two people in the locker room.

He registered the scrape of the shower curtain opening before he realized Matt was stepping in with him, and he turned and got out, "Matt, quit it—" before Matt shrieked loud enough to wake the sleeping, the dead, and probably an ancient evil.

"What the hell, why do you have the water on cold!?"

"I—" he barely caught a glimpse Matt before the curtain opened and shut again behind him, "—seriously?"

Matt got into another, unoccupied shower stall instead, a steady stream of indignation following him. "What the actual fuck, Shiro, who the hell takes cold showers in real life? It was like negative two hundred degrees Kelvin in there, what are you, some kind of hyper-advanced android who's immune to running fatigue and freezing temperatures!"

"Matt. I'll give you two guesses—no, one guess, as to why I was taking a cold shower." Shiro turned the water off and yanked his towel from over the railing that held up the curtain, dressing while Matt puttered around in the shower.

"You did it to spite me."

"Absolutely, that's it, you're a genius," Shiro said, pulling on his uniform. "Now come on, let's get to class."

They were exactly thirty seconds late, because Matt pushed up against the lockers and kissed him until Shiro's arm had a wet patch from Matt's hair

dripping onto his sleeve.

Two

The Garrison performed lockdown drills like it was mandatory to have them every other day. After two years of attendance, Shiro found them a mild inconvenience at most, as long as he wasn't halfway across campus from the dorm buildings and sprinting to make it to his room in time. As cadets, all they were required to do was remain in their dormitories until an officer came around to check everyone off and make sure all the Garrison was accounted for. Most cadets used the extra thirty minutes of down time to finish their homework, get in some extra studying for the test they had next period, or take a nap.

Shiro spent most of this particular lockdown pinned underneath his boyfriend.

They'd been getting ready to head to their first class of the day when the alarm started blaring, and Matt stopped halfway through putting his uniform on, dropping his shirt to the floor.

"We seem to have some extra time on our hands," he said, with the kind of grin that made Shiro equally excited and apprehensive for whatever Matt had planned for the next thirty minutes.

Turns out, the plan was to push Shiro right back onto his still-unmade bed, climb on top of him, and go from there. Shiro would've been nervous, but he worked well on a time limit and, if pressed, he could probably get Matt off in ten minutes flat.

They moved faster than usual, which was impressive, because they moved fast to begin with. The alarm hadn't even finished announcing that all personnel were to stay in their assigned lockdown locations, and Shiro already had Matt's pants undone and halfway down his thighs. Matt kissed him furiously, yanking down the collar of his uniform to bite at his neck, leaving him hickies nobody would see, because Shiro was always dressed to regulation standards.

Matt paused and leaned back for a second, chest heaving, face flushed bright red. He yanked Shiro closer to him in jerky, uncoordinated movements, pulling Shiro's hips to meet his, grinding against him like he was trying to fuck him through their clothes.

"I want you in me," he said, and a shiver coursed through Shiro, his hands drawing furrows in the pillow under Matt's head.

They didn't have time for that. If they took it slow and went all the way, somebody was definitely gonna catch them, but Shiro found himself saying, "yes," against Matt's cheek anyway.

Matt stripped while Shiro dug through his drawers for the lube, which he had hidden under his socks, even though, as Matt had told him a number of times, nobody was ever in there except the two of them. When it took him a minute and a half to find it, he started to think Matt's *just leave it out, would you*, thing might have been warranted.

When Shiro made it back to the bed, Matt was naked, leaning back on his elbows and giving Shiro the kind of grin that said he'd just been staring at Shiro's ass. Matt was quick about these things, especially after the two of them learned how bad he was at stripteases. He grabbed for Shiro right away, pulling him down with what was, frankly, a surprising amount of force for such a small guy.

Shiro situated himself in between Matt's legs and bent over him, kissing him again for as long as he could justify, what with the time constraints and Matt pushing him away, going, "okay, okay, yes, I love you too, now would you *fuck me?*"

"I would, if you'd just—hold on. Quit moving," Shiro said, because Matt was trying to squirm into his lap, like Shiro could just stick it in. Or like he was just trying to get Shiro desperately horny by grinding against him, which would've worked if Shiro was naked, or maybe if he just wasn't wearing these pants, but as it were, it just jammed his zipper against his cock. Not preferable.

Shiro pinned him with both hands on his hips and a look that had Matt quietly saying, "oh god," against his own fingers pressed to his mouth.

"Lie still," he said, in as commanding a voice as he could, because he'd seen the way Matt had started blushing when he dictated orders to the team during a simulation last week. "I'm going to take care of you, okay, don't worry."

"Yeah," Matt said around a breathy laugh, "you sure are."

Shiro tried to be careful with the lube because cleanup was going to be hurried at best, but he definitely got some on the sheets. Matt didn't seem to notice or mind, busy getting Shiro's heart pounding with the breathy moan that slipped past his lips as Shiro pushed his middle finger inside. He watched the flush on Matt's face run down to his neck and chest, turning all of him pink.

Shiro didn't rush, but he was economical about it, no pauses to slowly tease Matt until he was begging for it, no stopping in the middle to kiss him until both of them were breathless. Matt didn't seem to mind the pace, though, not with the way he was begging, "come on, faster," around half-stifled cries of Shiro's name.

As usual, Matt got loud enough that Shiro started worrying about the guys in the room next door—the Garrison had thin walls—and he pressed his mouth over Matt's, muffling him well enough. Matt dug his bitten-short nails into Shiro's shoulders, hard enough that he was gonna come away with bruises in the shape of his fingertips. They'd only last for a day or so, but Shiro knew Matt would slap him on the shoulder later, the friendly action serving to remind him of the feeling of pushing a second finger inside, curling them and watching Matt arch with the touch.

"Shiro, Shiro, *fuck*." Matt's voice managed to crack halfway through a whisper.

Shiro went a little faster than usual, adding a third finger and spreading them, still moving slowly enough not to hurt Matt, and he dipped his head to the crook of Matt's neck, words gathering in his chest, probably

something good and dirty, except he never got it out, because they were interrupted by the sharp rap of knuckles on the next door over.

"Shit," they both said in tandem.

"They're early," Shiro said, pulling out of him and looking helplessly between Matt and the door. "What do we—"

Matt yanked Shiro's uniform jacket off the floor and threw it at him, scrambling off the bed. "Tell them I decided to take a shower or something," he said, darting across the room, still completely naked, and Shiro would've laughed, if he wasn't busy panicking, because the officers *were* supposed to actually see everyone to make sure they were all accounted for.

"What—I—okay," Shiro said, because Matt shut the bathroom door behind himself, leaving Shiro to yank his shirt on, still working on fastening it high enough to cover the marks on his neck when he heard a knock on their door.

The officer on duty was Collins, which was good, because she liked Shiro. He also liked her, because she reminded him of his older cousin who was always amused with Shiro's stupid antics when he was little. Collins probably wouldn't be amused by Shiro's stupid antics now, especially not the part where he tried to fuck his roommate during a lockdown drill.

"Hey, Shiro," she said, standing in the doorframe with a tablet in front of her face, checking off all the cadets who'd been accounted for. "Where's your roommate?"

"He's, uh, he's in the bathroom," Shiro said. "He said he was getting a shower during the drill." His heart pounded, because what if she didn't believe him? What if she noticed how red his face was, or how he didn't *quite* have his collar straight.

She didn't, just nodded and tapped at her screen again, marking Matt present. "Alright. See you."

Shiro leaned against the wall, heaving a sigh of relief once the door swung shut again. Well, it wasn't like the officers had any reason to disbelieve him. He never lied—well, he never said anything untrue. He may have creatively omitted some things, though.

Matt threw open the bathroom door with a loud, "ha! Told you that would work!" He plastered himself to Shiro's front against the wall, still completely nude, the high flush in his cheeks telling Shiro exactly what he'd been doing in the bathroom. Of course Matt wouldn't even find shame in jerking off while Shiro covered for the fact that he was back there jerking off.

"Oh my god, you're insane," Shiro said, not for the first time, because Matt was dropping to his knees.

"What? C'mon, we've still got a while before the all-clear. I can definitely get you off before we have to go to class."

And god, he wasn't wrong.

Three

"Matt, are you in here?" Shiro called, poking his head through the partially-open door to the computer lab. All the lights were turned off, but a few of the screens had yet to reach their timed shut-off. Only one of them wasn't idle, and he could see somebody hunched over the monitor. Shiro knew that particular slouch. "Matt, hey," he said again, to no response.

He shut the door behind himself, locked it—it was supposed to be locked at this time of night, Matt really shouldn't have just left it open like that. He crossed the room and as he got closer to Matt, he heard the music bleeding off his headphones, almost loud enough to discern lyrics.

Matt had no idea he was in the room. Shiro felt a grin stretch across his face as he got closer, wondering how far he could get before Matt noticed him. He took a step to the side, circling around just outside of Matt's periphery,

stepping up until he was so close to Matt's back, he *must* have been able to feel him. He was just faking Shiro out at this point, because it was funny or something.

Except Matt wasn't faking it, because he shot about three feet into the air when Shiro put both hands on his shoulders, screeching, "*holy shit, what in the name of fuck do you think you're*—" until he realized it was Shiro, paused, blinked, then readjusted his glasses. "Oh. Hey, babe." Matt pulled his headphones down and the sound coming out of them got louder, the usual bass-pounding techno.

Shiro had both hands up in surrender. "Hey, sorry, I thought you'd noticed me, I swear."

Matt shrugged. "Eh. My heart might've stopped, but not for long enough to do any permanent damage." He dropped back in his chair and rolled it toward the desk, eyes fixed on the two documents pulled up side-by-side on the monitor. "What're you doing, by the way?" His voice muted a little as his focus returned to his assignment, which Shiro was having trouble understanding, because Matt seemed to be reading both articles at once.

"Looking for you," he said, "it's late, I was worried you ran off with another fighter pilot."

"Ha ha," Matt said, refusing to actually laugh at what Shiro thought was a pretty damn charming joke. "Well, I'm here, you found me. I need to finish this, so."

"When's it due?" Shiro leaned over, his chin hovering inches above Matt's shoulder. Matt had paused his music, and Shiro had to duck out of the way as he pulled his headphones off in acknowledgment that Shiro was gonna stick around for a while.

"Not 'til Wednesday, but it's actually interesting." The articles appeared to be something about breaches in Garrison security. "I have to be on the official Garrison database to view this stuff, though, so, y'know. I gotta work on it in here."

"Wednesday? So you don't need to be sitting around here in the middle of the night when the lab's technically closed." Shiro dropped his chin onto Matt's shoulder.

"Prof likes me," Matt said, "he said I could stay behind as long as I locked it up on my way out."

"Okay, so let's lock it up and go," Shiro said, turning his head so that his lips brushed Matt's skin as he spoke. He felt Matt go stiff with a shiver underneath him, and he pressed closer, so he could kiss Matt's neck for real. "C'mon. Let me take you back to our room."

"Just let me finish—*oh*." Matt's head lolled to the side as he let Shiro press a searing line of kisses from his trapezius to his earlobe. "Mm. Shiro, you're distracting me." He pointedly started typing again, trying to remind Shiro what he was doing, here.

"Good, I'm trying to," he said, exhaling over the damp trail his lips had left behind. Matt's fingers stuttered on the keys and the sentence he was writing devolved into a string of random letters. He moved his hands off Matt's shoulders, sliding them down his chest, where he could feel his heartbeat pounding through his shirt. "You *sure* you wanna stay here and study?"

Shiro unfastened the top of Matt's uniform and undid it to below his collarbone, leaving feathery kisses over the skin just behind his ear. Matt sighed, one hand reaching up to settle at the nape of Shiro's neck, keeping him close. "You trying to seduce me, Shirogane?"

"Trying? I think I'm succeeding." He moved lower again, scraping his teeth along the skin just below Matt's collar. He kissed the red lines he left, leaning awkwardly over the chair so he could put a hand between Matt's legs. He let his palm rest on Matt's thigh, a suggestion of what they could get up to if Matt wanted to keep going. "You know, we could just do it here. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"Kinda, yeah." He felt Matt's back arch against the chair as he pushed closer to Shiro's hand, rubbing himself against Shiro's warm palm, shameless. Shiro hoped he never had to take a class in this room again, because he

wouldn't be able to concentrate on anything other than the memory of Matt putting his hand over Shiro's, guiding him until he was stroking Matt at a familiar rhythm.

"Do you really want it like this?" Shiro asked, "are you sure you want me to make you come in your pants in here, have to finish up that assignment a complete mess?"

"No, but this is usually the point where I just say 'fuck it,' and do whatever I want, and I want—" Matt's fingers squeezed around Shiro's wrist and Shiro responded by gripping tighter around the shape of his cock in his uniform pants. "Oh! I want *that*." His shoulders pressed back, pushing the back of the chair into Shiro's chest, and Shiro had half a mind to yank the chair back and spin it around so he could get on Matt's lap, or, or drop to his knees, or

Shiro snatched his hand back with a speed only a teenage boy about to get caught having sex could have, because that was *definitely* the sound of a key-card swipe at the door.

The door, which was opening.

"Shiro, what the—oh, he-ey, Professor," Matt said, when, mid-sentence, he realized exactly what was going on. "What's up?"

"Just grabbing some documents I left... why are you *still* here, Holt?"

Shiro was starting to think Matt had made this agreement with the prof by saying something along the lines of *just a few more minutes*. "I, uh, was trying to get him to finish up and head back to the dorms," Shiro explained, even though the professor hadn't even gotten to the point of asking Shiro what he was doing. He also didn't mention exactly what he was trying to get Matt to finish.

Matt's professor glanced at Shiro, and then back at Matt. "I suggest you listen to your friend," he said, and Matt nodded a few too many times, eyes guiltily wide. Thank god it was dark.

"Yep. Yeah, yes, we're going," he said, grabbing his bag and leaning over to save his work and shut off the computer. "Come on," he muttered to Shiro, taking his arm and steering him out of the lab.

"Are you in trouble?" Shiro joked. Matt didn't let go of him, towing him back to their room as fast as he could without breaking into a run.

He stopped, suddenly, and Shiro ran into him. Matt didn't let him move away, just leaned up to whisper in his ear. "No, but you should maybe worry about what I'm going to do to you when we get back to our room."

Four

When most Garrison students wanted to be alone, they retreated to their dorms or one of the designated quiet study areas, maybe even a common space that was empty at certain times of day.

Matt preferred the roof.

Now, the door to the rooftop was labeled "Authorized Personnel Only," but Matt seemed to take that as more of a suggestion than a rule. He'd bring his laptop up there at night and work under the stars, keeping just out of the sight line of the security cameras. Shiro thought he was crazy. Someone was gonna catch him someday, and the two of them had to be careful, considering it took a perfect record to get into any of the deep-space programs.

But Matt, repeating his usual slogan of, "what the Garrison doesn't know won't hurt 'em," spent way too many nights with his feet dangling over a thirty-foot drop.

On the rare occasion Matt managed to coerce Shiro into following him up there, it was because Shiro was feeling particularly romantic, and hanging out with his boyfriend under the stars, nothing between them and the night sky, appealed to him more than usual.

Tonight was one of those nights.

Matt had finished up in the shower and headed for the door of their room when Shiro pulled his head out of his homework and asked where he was going. Matt just pointed up.

"Hang on, I'll come with you," Shiro said, finishing up his sentence and saving his essay, grabbing both his jacket and Matt's as they made their way to the access door at the end of the maintenance hall.

Shiro let Matt go up the ladder first, not out of gentlemanliness. Matt caught him, of course, pinning him with a lascivious grin and a, "came here for the view?" as soon as they clambered out onto the rooftop.

"Yeah," Shiro agreed, without looking at the lit-up splay of the Garrison to their left or the endless desert-scape to their right, because the best view was right in front of him, adjusting his glasses and still smiling at Shiro.

They sat a distance away from the ledge, Shiro in between Matt's legs, leaning back against him, watching the stars. They'd long-since picked out all the constellations they could identify, and now Matt was talking about this guy in one of his classes, who was, from the sounds of things, extremely annoying and so overconfident about their group project he refused to double-check anything. Shiro was only partially listening, because while Matt spoke against his ear, he was also playing with the dog tags on Shiro's chest, running his thumbnail along the ball chain, tracing the length of it from Shiro's neck to his sternum.

It wasn't long before Matt gave up on pretense and just started stroking Shiro's chest, fingertips moving in slow circles, just over his heart. Shiro relaxed against him, turning his head to hide his face in Matt's neck, Matt's body heat quickly warming his face. Matt's palm flattened against his left pectoral, and he hummed bemusedly before telling him, "your heartbeat's speeding up."

His heart was starting to race because, at times like this, when Matt was gentle with him and the world was quiet and he could forget about everybody else, Shiro thought about telling him. He never did, because he

wasn't sure what Matt would think, if he felt the same way. Shiro was also certain he wouldn't take it well if Matt said he didn't feel the same.

He could have said it right then, quiet as the breeze blowing in the chilly desert night, where only Matt could hear him. It would be all at once the simplest three words and the most complicated sentiment he'd ever expressed.

I love you.

Yeah, no, he wasn't gonna be able to get that out.

"Was just thinking," he said, "we haven't gotten a lot of alone time lately." Between classes, homework, and training, the only time they saw each other was at night, and by then they were too tired to do much more than curl up against each other and fall asleep. Shiro knew both of them were aching for a good few-hour span they could spend with each other, preferably naked. No, definitely naked.

"Yeah? You wanna? Up here?"

It wasn't the three hours in bed he wanted, but he could feel Matt's smile against his cheek and he was helpless for it. "I mean, it's not like anybody's gonna catch us."

"Yeah, guess not. Just never pegged you for the sexually adventurous type."

"Oh, shut up," he said, without malice, "if you just wanna hang out and look at the stars, that's fine, too."

"I never said that." Matt was teasing him now, Shiro knew it from the lilt in his voice and the way his fingers "accidentally" rubbed his nipple through his T-shirt. "You know I'd never turn you down, Takashi."

"Yeah," he said, pressing his mouth to Matt's neck. "How do you want me?"

"Turn around," Matt said, "wanna kiss you."

Shiro got up, turned in place and widened his stance so that he could straddle Matt's waist as he sat in his lap. He bent to kiss Matt, thumbs tipping his chin up so he could meet his lips over and over.

Matt made no show of shyness, didn't work him up to it, just grabbed his ass and hauled him closer, opening his mouth for Shiro to kiss him deeper, craning his neck to reach him. The cold night air didn't seem to be so much an issue when Matt's lips were hot on his, when Matt was close enough to share body heat with him.

Matt would have to be laying back further for the angle to be completely perfect, but Shiro could still feel his hard-on anyways. Matt could feel his, too, pushing into his belly every time Shiro bucked his hips, and it wasn't long before Matt started putting his hands up Shiro's shirt. He let go after just a second, leaving Shiro's shirt rumpled up above his hips, breaking the kiss to ask, "can I touch you?" His hands came to rest on Shiro's waistband, fiddling with his fly, leaving Shiro few guesses as to where Matt wanted to touch him.

"Yeah, yeah, do it," he said, pressing his lips to Matt's again, because even if it meant Matt's hands would be clumsy and he'd take forever to actually get his hand on Shiro's cock, he didn't want to stop kissing.

Eventually, Matt had his hand shoved into Shiro's pants, wrapped around his cock, thumb rubbing over the head, not really stroking him, just squeezing and touching and driving him crazy. Shiro knew it was just because Matt didn't have much room to maneuver, but it felt like he was teasing, doing it on purpose just to rile Shiro up.

Shiro groaned against Matt's lips, breathless and needy, his hands curling in the collar of Matt's T-shirt (which wasn't really Matt's T-shirt, because he'd stolen it out of Shiro's drawer). "You like that, baby?" Matt asked, and Shiro felt his nose against his jaw as he bent to kiss his neck.

Of course he liked it.

He liked it so damn much, he didn't hear the door opening on the other side of the roof until Matt froze under him, hands stuttering, fingers digging into

his thighs like a nervous instinct.

"Babe, why'd you stop?" Shiro asked, continuing to kiss just under his jaw.

"Because there's someone behind you," Matt whispered frantically, pushing Shiro away. He looked over his shoulder, meeting the wide eyes of a couple cadets in the class below them, a guy and a girl, ostensibly up here for the same reason Matt and Shiro were.

"Shit." He did up his fly, not exactly sure how much they'd seen. How much they'd heard.

"Shiro?" Of course they recognized him. Their only saving grace was that they probably didn't know who Matt was, and it was dark enough that they wouldn't even be able to pick him out of a crowd later.

"Uh, yeah. We're just. Gonna go," he said. Matt had a hand pressed over his mouth and his face was bright red, but Shiro wasn't sure if he was panicking or laughing. "Just. Give us a second?"

She steered him away until they were facing the rest of the Garrison, and Shiro pulled Matt to his feet, realizing that yeah, he was just laughing. The two cadets who'd caught them were talking quietly, faces close together, and Shiro couldn't help but feel like it was something about the two of them. He could just imagine the rumors that'd spool out after this.

Matt kissed him again, one more time, in the hallway outside the entrance to the roof. "It's too bad," he said mournfully, "I really wanted to see how that would've ended."

Five

They weren't technically supposed to be here. Students weren't allowed access to locked faculty offices, but Dr. Holt had given Matt his key card, because he was out sick and Matt was supposed to be grabbing some files for him to work on from home. It should've been simple. Matt, however, was the kind of person who would take an errand and turn it into an undercover mission, complete with his own theme music, and so Shiro

came along with him, both because he wanted to keep Matt out of trouble, and because Matt trying to sneak around was hilarious.

Sam's office was in the center of the science department, and Shiro frequently found himself lagging behind, because Matt knew his way around but Shiro nearly got lost about four times. He didn't remember so many posters displaying student experiments, and when he paused to look at a particularly interesting one, Matt grabbed his arm and yanked him along.

"C'mon, Shirogane," he said, "keep up."

"Hard to do when you keep disappearing around corners," Shiro following him a little closer until they reached the faculty offices.

Sam Holt's office was exactly what Shiro would expect of somebody related to Matt—scattered, but organized in some complicated system nobody else could understand. He had a shelf crammed with several research samples, placed at irregular intervals between rows of books, desk piled with notes, which Matt sifted through, trying to locate the files he was looking for.

Shiro followed Matt behind the desk, leaning on the chair and glancing at the door, just out of habit. There was a family picture to the side of the desktop, and Shiro could help but notice Matt's bright smile.

"I swear to god they're somewhere around here," Matt said, bending to dig through one of the file cabinets. Sam Holt still liked keeping everything as paper files, in case the electronic backups ever failed, and Matt usually went there first, because they were better-organized than his computer.

"You sure?" Shiro asked, leaning in next to him. His hips brushed the side of Matt's ass and he suddenly realized two things: one, his mouth was very dry all of a sudden, and two: Matt's ass looked kind of great from this angle.

"Yeah, I'm—what're you doing, Shirogane."

He'd pressed his hips to Matt's ass again, on purpose this time, bracing his hands on the edge of the open filing cabinet to look over Matt's shoulder.

"I'm helping you find the file," he said, innocent as could be.

"Like hell you are," Matt said, "but I'll ignore your ulterior motives on account of: you're cute."

Shiro snickered and pressed his head between Matt's shoulder blades. "I think you like my ulterior motives," he said.

"We're not doing this in my dad's office." Matt snatched one of the files, laying it on the desk, and continued picking through them, humming the alphabet to himself as he read through the labels.

"Oh, sure, you're fine with it on the roof, but an office, no, that's too much."

"Dude. There is a picture of me and my little sister directly in my line of sight right now."

"Okay, that's fair." Shiro took a half-step back, so he was no longer flush with Matt's body, but he kept his hands on Matt's hips and laid his head in the middle of Matt's back, closing his eyes. He almost drifted off, because he'd woken up less than thirty minutes ago with Matt laying on his chest and writing invisible letters on the back of his hand. They'd spelled out "DORKFACE" but Shiro was still in an affectionate mood anyway.

The doorknob turned, and Matt stood straight so fast the back of his head knocked Shiro in the chin. "Hide!" he hissed, immediately dropping out of sight under the desk, before the door opened and a student walked in.

"Hey, Dr. Holt—I mean—Shiro?"

He didn't recognize the student, but ever since Shiro had started breaking every flight sim record by a significant margin, people just sort of knew him.

"Uh... yeah," he said, dropping heavy into the desk chair, because Matt was yanking on his leg. Because Matt was still under the desk, and the hapless student who'd wandered in was none the wiser. "Sorry. Dr. Holt's out sick, he asked Matt and—well, I'm picking up some files for him." He plucked

the manila folder Matt had pulled earlier off the desk, waving it for confirmation.

"Oh. Cool. I just wanted to ask him something about our latest test, I mean, some of the questions really seemed like they had more than one answer, you know?"

"Yeah," Shiro said, not because he had ever taken any of Sam Holt's classes, but because Matt had elected to roll the chair in a half-inch closer and feel him up.

This was dangerous. Shiro wasn't an idiot, he knew people got in trouble for this kind of thing, and that they'd be even more screwed if they got caught fooling around in front of somebody in a faculty office, whether or not it was Matt's dad. Maybe it would be worse because it was Matt's dad.

"Anyway, there was this theory presented that we talked about two different resolutions for, and..." Shiro didn't really pay attention to the rest of what the student said, because Matt determined that he had enough space to lay his chin on the edge of the chair between Shiro's thighs and mouth at his fly. Shiro gritted his teeth but managed not to make another sound, sneaking a hand under the desk to push Matt away.

Matt, who was much less cautious, slapped Shiro's hand right back and went back to delineating the exact shape of Shiro's dick in his pants with his lips. Their uniform pants were thin, great for making the desert heat survivable and also great for feeling every contour of Matt's lips on him.

"I'm sure you could message him, he's probably checking those while he's out," Shiro suggested. His new goal was to get this guy out of the room before Matt decided to figure out whether Shiro had gone commando for the day (answer: yes).

"Oh, you're right! You know, I messaged him once about particle physics and I swear, the guy answered faster than I thought it'd even take to research the answer to my question..."

"That's good," Shiro said, not sure exactly who he was talking to. Matt had his mouth open against Shiro's thigh, scraping his teeth across the muscle, and his fingers pushing underneath him, fitting into the space because Shiro couldn't help but slouch back in the chair and angle himself a little better.

Matt's fingers jammed right against his asshole through his pants, and even though Shiro knew, logically, there was no way for them to go any further than that, he couldn't stop thinking about Matt's cock inside him, and he dropped his head into his hand and groaned.

"Are you okay?" He got a look of genuine concern with it. "Do you think you're coming down with the same thing Dr. Holt has?"

No, he absolutely was not, he just had Matt pushing the hem of his jacket up and petting his abs as he went back to pressing his mouth against Shiro's cock through his pants. "Uh, maybe I am," he said, ducking his head again because he could *feel* Matt silently laughing against him, his breath coming hot through the fabric.

"Dude, you should get checked out. There's been something going around, I swear."

"Mm-hm," Shiro said through tight lips, seizing Matt's wrist when he reached up to try to undo Shiro's fly. "Yeah, I'll do that. Just a second, I've got a couple more files to grab."

"You want any help with that?" the cadet stepped forward, and if he came any closer he'd probably be able to see Matt kneeling under the desk.

"No," Shiro said vehemently, perhaps a little too forceful, because the cadet shrank back toward the door. "No, no, I'm good," he added, a little tamer.

"Oh...okay."

The door swung shut behind the cadet and Shiro immediately rolled the chair backwards, glaring at Matt who was looking far too pleased with himself. Matt launched himself onto Shiro's lap, kissing him, and Shiro was

pretty sure the way Matt landed with his ass directly on Shiro's cock wasn't an accident.

"Oh god," Shiro said, but it didn't come out sounding like that, or like much of anything, because Matt was trying to kiss him into oblivion. "Matt, Matt—" he was cut off by another kiss, "somebody else is gonna walk right through that—*Matt*."

Matt stopped kissing him and sighed, rolling his eyes and leaning away. "Why do you have to be right about these things?"

"It's tragic, isn't it," Shiro said, leaning in to kiss his temple.

"Yes," Matt said, tossing his head with an air of extra drama, "tragic. Horrible. Awful. Why can't we be nasty in public places? Oh, right. Rules."

"Come on," Shiro said, taking his hand before leading them out the door, even though he had to let go as soon as they reached the other side.

+ One

Shiro was working late.

He'd reminded Matt about it earlier that day; he was going to be in the simulation room after-hours, running some diagnostics or readouts or whatever, Matt hadn't really been listening. In his defense, Shiro was being very attractive while he said it. If he wanted to convey important information to Matt, he probably shouldn't have done it shirtless.

And anyway, Matt got all the important stuff. Shiro was in the sim room, Matt was lonely, Shiro was going to be in the sim room for a lot more hours, Matt was also a little bit horny. That bit was the primary reason he was sneaking out of the dorms and into the sim room.

Matt didn't technically have to sneak out, because it wasn't past curfew yet, but he would have to sneak back in, because unlike Shiro, he didn't have permission to remain out of the building after curfew. He'd also have to find

some way past whoever was monitoring the desk outside the sim rooms, which was gonna be especially annoying.

It turned out, the guy monitoring the desk was a recently promoted lieutenant, and didn't know what he was doing yet, so it was easy for Matt to lie his way past. Okay, so, "Shiro is my roommate and I'm heading over there to help him," wasn't technically a lie, but Matt wasn't planning to help him with anything Garrison-sanctioned.

The flight simulator wasn't lit up from the outside, but Matt knocked on the door anyway, and slid open, revealing a confused-looking Shiro. "Oh. Matt, hey," he said, smiling. His eyes still looked tired, though. "What're you doing all the way out here?"

"Looking for you, duh," Matt said, one finger in the center of his chest, pushing him back through the door. "You're taking forever, Shirogane, were you even planning on coming back to the room tonight?"

"Ehh..." Shiro made a noncommittal hand gesture that told Matt yeah, he'd definitely been planning an all-nighter. "I just have a couple more tests to run, you wanna come in?" he asked, pushing the door open a little wider.

"Yeah, sure, fine, if I must," Matt said, stepping in, the simulation vehicle rocking on its hydraulics. The screens were all dark, so Matt didn't know how the hell Shiro was running anything at all.

He turned one of the screens on, the little panel at the helm that produced readouts of simulation scores, and Matt took a seat in the navigator's chair, drumming his fingers on the arm of it. "Anyway, what're you doing in here?"

"Well, I was practicing on a program I've been working on for solo missions," Shiro said, "just reading through the results, now."

"How the hell are you supposed to run one of these by yourself?" Matt asked, but he stopped caring about the answer when Shiro shrugged out of his jacket.

Okay, sure, it was hot in the flight simulators, but this was definitely a set-up, because instead of the standard-issue white T-shirt underneath (which Shiro also looked unreasonably sexy in), he was wearing a black tank top with a racerback that curved in sharply enough to show off his shoulder blades. Matt swallowed, and he swore his next exhale sounded a little noisier than usual.

"Carefully," Shiro said, bending to get a better look at the readouts, and the position just *happened* to show off his ass. Matt was starting to think he was being seduced.

Well. Two could play that particular game.

"So," Matt said, slouching back in the chair, kicking his legs out a little wider, "come here often?"

"You know I do," Shiro said.

The data on the screen wasn't that extensive, but Shiro kept looking at it, even though he'd definitely read through it already. "So," Matt said, drawing out the word, "you got anywhere to be after this, sweet thing?"

"Maybe," Shiro said, and Matt could just picture the wry grin on his face. "Depends on whether you stop trying to flirt like some weird old dude in a strip club."

"I'm offended," Matt told him, sounding very much like he couldn't care less, "I flirt perfectly well."

"Who told you that?"

"I dunno." Matt stood, crossing the room to stand just behind Shiro, not quite touching him yet, but insinuating. Shiro was still intensely focused on the screen in front of him, lighting his face up blue. "Pretty sure it was this guy... tall, dark hair, and, uh, my boyfriend."

"Oh, right, him," Shiro said. He looked back over his shoulder to grin at Matt like a little shit.

"Yeah, him," Matt said, "I'd really like to ask him if he plans on, I dunno, doing anything, or if I should go back to my room and go to sleep."

"I may have plans," Shiro said, and just then, he shifted backward, intentionally pressing his ass against Matt's crotch. Matt's hands, of their own accord, went to his hips, holding him there, and he pitched forward, pressing his cheek to Shiro's shoulder.

"Fuck, man, you wanna tell me what those are?"

"Do you know," Shiro said, standing so that his back was against Matt's chest, "how long I've had a fantasy about fucking you in here?"

Matt shivered, arms going around Shiro's waist, pulling him even closer. "Dude, I don't care if you've had that fantasy for five minutes, let's do it. Bend me over the console, whatever, let's go."

Shiro laughed, tipping his head to steal a kiss. "Okay," he said, "alright. But I wanna lock this thing first, so nobody catches us, yeah?"

"No," Matt said, because they didn't have time for that, "if somebody comes in here they'll have an override key anyways, c'mon."

He stepped out from behind Shiro, circling around to his front, pulling on the straps of his tank top to drag him down into a kiss. Shiro's mouth was warm and yielding against his, and he reached to untuck Matt's shirt (he hadn't bothered with full uniform), sliding hot palms up his sides. Shiro rubbed off against him, already hard, probably from imagining this. It had been a while since Shiro had kissed him so aggressively, and so Matt clutched harder at him than what was really necessary, fingernails digging into his shoulders. He'd probably have a series of eight crescent-shaped marks left there in the morning.

"Hurry the fuck up," Matt said, yanking his shirt off over his head and dropping it to the floor among years' worth of scuff marks from cadets' boots.

"We've got time," Shiro said, and he undressed slow, teasing his shirt up over his abs. Matt couldn't help but trail his fingers after.

"I thought you said you had to be out of here by eight," Matt mumbled, distracted from his hurry, putting both hands on him now.

"Not really," Shiro said, "I just knew you'd come looking for me by at least eight-fifteen if I said that. I'm allowed to stay 'til ten." Shiro touched him again, hands on his waist, nosing under Matt's jaw to kiss his neck.

"Jesus, fuck, Shirogane, you could've just said, I dunno, 'swing by the flight sim at half-past-eight so we can fuck in there' or something," Matt said, but he knew, for a number of reasons, that Shiro wouldn't have.

Shiro didn't stop kissing Matt's neck as he undid his pants, but he did slow down, unable to multitask when one of said tasks was pulling Matt's pants and boxers down and wrapping a hand around his cock. Even though they didn't have to rush, Shiro didn't want to take his time. In seconds, he dropped to his knees before Matt, one hand clinging to his thigh, the other still around his cock, mouth on his hip.

Matt put a hand in his hair and another on his shoulder, steadying himself awkwardly. "Dude. If you're gonna blow me, you gotta let me sit down or something, because I will fall over."

He felt Shiro's teeth press against his hip as he smiled. "Is that what you want?"

"I mean," Matt said, as Shiro leaned away and guided him to sit in the navigator's chair, "our options are kind of limited, you know? Unless you like, brought lube and condoms with you—ou—hooooly shit, you did, didn't you?"

Shiro hadn't lost the shit-headed grin, which was enough of an answer as anything else. "I might've stuck something in my jacket."

"Well shit, where'd you put your jacket, then?"

Shiro scrambled for it where it was slung over the back of the pilot's chair, and Matt kicked his boots and his pants off, so that when Shiro turned around, he was lounging in the same position he had been before, legs open, completely unselfconscious. Shiro tried to hide his laugh behind his hand, and Matt kicked him as he approached.

"Don't laugh at me, I'm sexy!"

"You're cute, is what you are," Shiro said, kneeling between his thighs again, settling his chin on Matt's knee.

"You're pretty damn adorable, yourself." Matt petted his hair, pushing it back from his face.

"What do you want to do?" Shiro asked, a hand skating up Matt's thigh.

"I dunno. You wanna tell me about whatever you've been fantasizing about for however long you've been fantasizing about it?"

"Well," Shiro said, drawing patterns on Matt's thigh with his fingertips, "I was thinking that if you sat in my lap in one of these chairs, I could probably fuck you."

Wasn't that a mental image. "I mean, you probably could, like once, but I know a lot about physics, and neither of us would have any leverage like that."

"Hmm." Shiro kissed the inside of his knee absently while he thought. "You wanna bend me over the console?"

"That sounds nice," Matt said, tracing Shiro's hairline with his thumb, "one change, though: I wanna get bent over the console."

"Yeah?" Shiro's head lifted, and Matt reached for him, hands around his biceps, pulling him to his feet.

"Yeah. You're all big and strong and can hold me up and stuff, I like it." He herded Shiro toward the front console, so they were looking at the blank

screen that would've showed a simulated view over the nose of the ship, had it been functioning. "C'mon, c'mon, let's do this thing."

Shiro dropped the condoms and the lube on the console, bending to take his boots off. Matt leaned against the console to watch him, sitting on the edge and planting a hand behind him, unfortunately, directly on the controls.

Matt wasn't sure what exactly he'd hit, but the entire cabin lit up red and alarms blared. He squeaked and snatched his hand back, and Shiro's head snapped up, staring wide-eyed at the door for a second before nudging Matt out of the way to reach the screen. "Should've turned this damn thing off," Shiro said, typing in the override passwords so fast, Matt was certain he'd memorized it just for this purpose.

As soon as Shiro finished, the alarms shut off and the cabin was left dark, afterimages of the flashing red alarm light appearing as green spots before Matt's eyes. Their breathing sounded loud in the sudden silence.

"Is someone going to... did anybody hear that?" Matt asked, and Shiro frowned at the door some more.

"I don't think so," he said, "I turned it off fast enough, they must know I'm fine." He cracked the door open an inch, Matt hiding behind him, because, as usual, he was the one who was completely naked. "We're good," Shiro said after a few seconds, shutting the door, locking it this time.

"God," Matt said, hand pressed to his chest, leaning against the wall space right next to the door, "don't let me do that again, I nearly gave myself a heart attack."

Shiro laughed behind his hand again. "Okay, I'll try to prevent you from leaning on anything important," he said. "Uh, you seem fine, though. I mean, not like you're having trouble..." He glanced tellingly at Matt's crotch.

"Yeah, I'm still hard," Matt said, "mostly because you're still not wearing a shirt. Also I think I might have a thing for almost getting caught."

"You *think?*!" Shiro held his hips, pulling Matt a step closer, kissing him again.

"Okay, fine, I absolutely do," Matt admitted, nipping at his bottom lip, "you happy?"

"Very," Shiro said, honestly. His torso turned as he reached to grab the bottle he'd dropped earlier, and he kissed Matt's jaw and the shell of his ear as he opened it. "Right here?" he asked, one hand on Matt's ass, two fingers curling in, not quite far enough to press against him. Matt ground against his hip anyway, fitting one of Shiro's thighs between his own.

"Yeah, yes, now, please," he said, reduced to monosyllables. He rocked against Shiro's thigh, face buried in his shoulder, arms around his neck, clinging to him like if he let go, he wouldn't remain upright. He probably wouldn't.

Shiro's fingers returned, slick this time, and he curled his middle finger into Matt, leaning forward to get an angle that wasn't murder on his wrist. His opposite hand clutched at Matt's back, palm warm and secure, and Matt relaxed against him, feet shifting to widen his stance a little.

When Shiro added another finger, Matt started grinding against him more purposefully, thigh pressed against Shiro's cock, bringing him to hardness again after the interruption and the nervousness had cut into the mood.

Shiro fingered him open with the kind of careful deliberateness he always had, and it was sweet, really, but made Matt impatient, because Shiro became a little bit single-minded during sex, and so he hadn't kissed Matt in a full five minutes, and that was unacceptable. Matt decided that the best way to express his distaste was to suck on Shiro's neck until he had a mark. It had sort of the opposite effect, because it distracted Shiro, and his fingers stopped moving, but whatever, he'd been at this long enough.

"Shiro," Matt said, breath dampening the bruise starting to form on Shiro's neck, "Shiro, fuck me."

Shiro's fingers pressed deeper, rhythmically thrusting into him a few times, until Matt started squirming against him. "Something wrong?"

"Fuck me with your *dick*, oh my god, you're the one who planned this, you goddamn tease," Matt said, prodding him in the sides until Shiro had reflexively moved back far enough for Matt to turn in his arms.

"Right here?" Shiro asked, and Matt was pretty sure the whole part where he was bracing his arms against the wall looked like a yes, but he answered anyways.

"Yeah, right here, fuck me against the wall, Takashi, *god*."

Shiro was moving behind him, and Matt knew if he looked over his shoulder, he'd see Shiro unzipping his pants and shifting them out of the way, just enough to fuck him, not off. He heard Shiro unwrap the condom and stuff the crumpled wrapper into his pocket, and then Shiro's hands were on his hips, and Shiro's mouth was on the back of his neck.

Fuck, this was really happening, wasn't it? Next time Matt had to do one of these things for a grade, he'd just think about Shiro's cock rubbing against him, pushing *in*, oh god. Matt's hands turned into fists against the wall, and he made some pretty embarrassing noises around a bitten lower lip.

Shiro left loud kisses on his neck and shoulder as he started to move, hips rocking slow, a little jerky. "Shit," he breathed, against Matt's shoulder, "I'm not gonna be able to handle doing these for class again."

"Yeah, man, if I get points off because I'm—*oh, fuck, right there*—busy thinking about your *dick*, I'll... I'll..." he trailed off, unable to think of a threat.

"You'll what?" Shiro asked, clearly taking his direction of *right there* to heart, because he'd found the Platonic ideal of angles, or something, and Matt was mostly gasping and whining high in his throat. Objectively, it was a nice harmony to Shiro's deeper voice, and the stuttering moans he kept making against Matt's shoulder.

Matt's toes curled, and he reached up to shove his glasses back into place, because they were slipping his nose due to the angle and the sweat on his temples. "Can't think of anything," he said, "just fuck me, Takashi, god, fuck, like that."

Shiro leaned away from his back, straightening up to give him a better range of movement, so he could fuck Matt harder, hands on his hips to hold him steady. "God, you look good like this," he said, his voice strangled in his throat the way it always was when he got close to the end, and shit, they hadn't even been going for that long.

"Is this what you were thinking about, baby? Fucking me two steps from the pilot seat?"

"I was—" Shiro reached under him, a hand around his cock, and Matt thrust into his fist and then back against his dick, unable to decide which he liked better. It was an experiment that needed repeating, so he did it again. "—I was thinking about fucking you *in* the pilot seat, but. But this is. It's so good, Matt."

Matt agreed both by breathlessly moaning, "yeah," and by coming over Shiro's knuckles, fucking his fist through the whole of it.

From the way Shiro cursed (a whisper of "fuck, fuck, *fuck*") and gathered Matt in his arms, pulling him upright and as close to him as possible, Matt assumed he'd finished, too. He grinned as he sank back against Shiro's chest, taking his hand, the one he'd streaked with come, and set about licking his knuckles clean.

"Holy shit, Matt, you can't just—mmn. You're gonna drive me crazy," Shiro said, but his chin was over Matt's shoulder so he could watch, so Matt had to assume he wasn't too annoyed.

"I think we just experienced a bona fide miracle," Matt said, turning Shiro's hand over to kiss his palm, "nobody caught us in the middle of that."

Shiro laughed quietly, his chest pressing closer to Matt's back as he hugged him, burying his face in Matt's hair. "Yeah," he said, "probably shouldn't

stick around too long, though."

"Oh yeah, we're definitely not staying here much longer," Matt said, "because I wanna go back to our room where we can cuddle and stuff." 'And stuff' translated to 'talk Shiro into round two,' but he didn't need to know that yet.

Cleanup was never the fun part of the deed, especially not when you were in a semi-public area and you had to be really sneaky about getting rid of a condom, but they managed to sneak into the empty bathroom without getting caught. Matt flicked the lights on, and the fluorescents over their heads buzzed while Shiro washed his hands, grinning at Matt in the mirror.

"I can't believe we just did that," he said.

Matt leaned against the sink next to him and flicked some water in the direction of his face. "Shut up, I knew you were secretly kinky."

Shiro shut the sink off and flicked water right back at him, droplets catching on his glasses and blurring his vision. "It's not a secret if you know about it," he said. His hands were still wet when he put them on Matt's sides to pull him in for a kiss, but Matt didn't mind.

And the security guard outside the simulation room didn't even notice the wet handprints on his T-shirt.

Or Shiro's hand on his shoulder.

Author's Note:

Visit me on tumblr @luddlestons or on my NSFW tumblr @seldula! I post.... like at least 65% shatt probably.